



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE SPRINGTIME  
OF LOVE



ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY

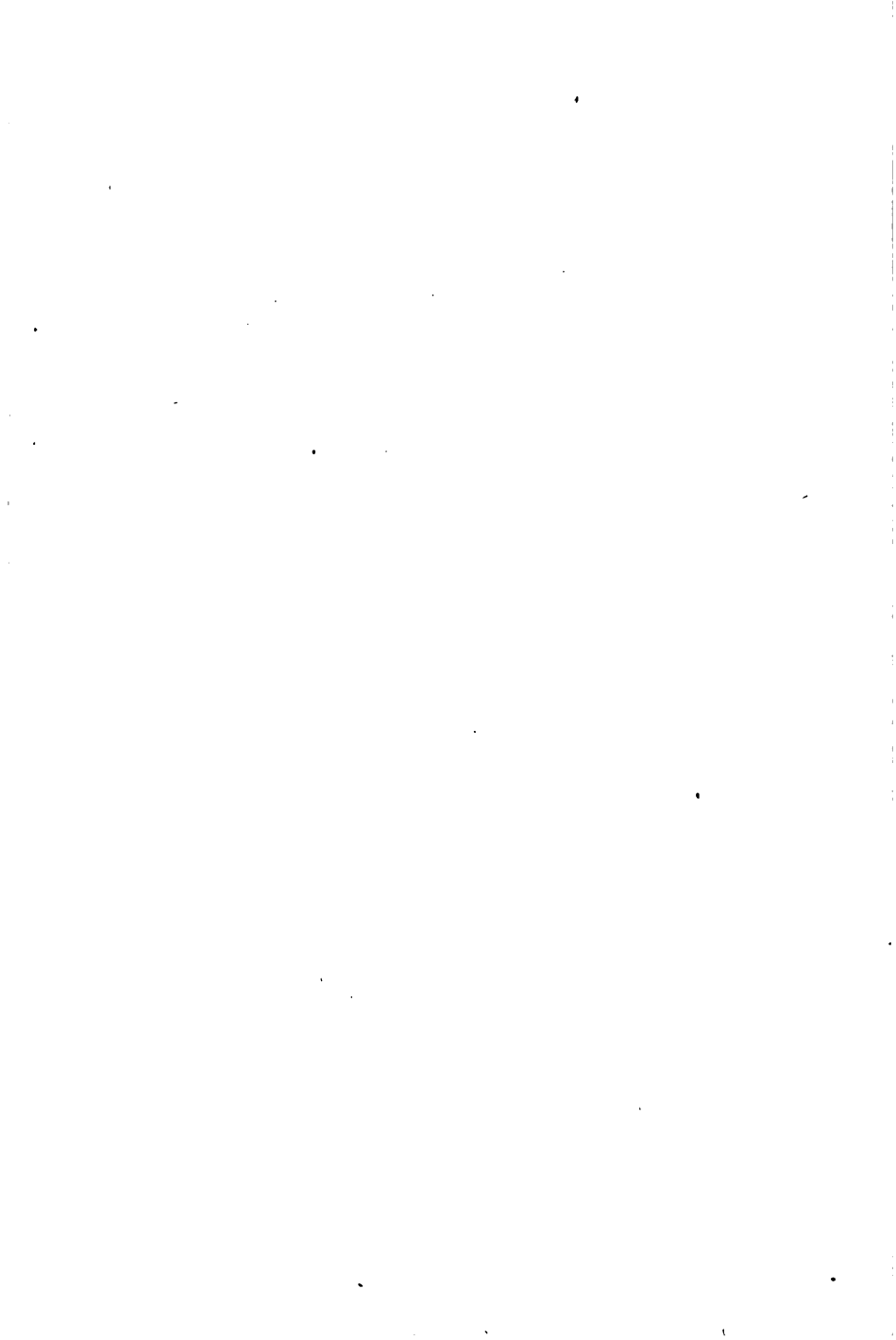
1. Receipt of money



E.W. Wilson Co.  
6 Feb. 1915

Trombl.

NBI







167-2002  
76-10  
Z

**THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE  
AND OTHER POEMS**

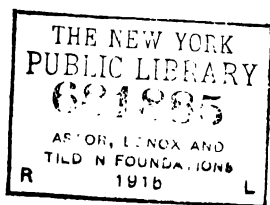
BY  
**ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY**

X



NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY  
BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY  
1914  
517-518





ROY W. W. W.  
L. L. L.  
V. A. B. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1914  
SHEPHERD, FRENCH & COMPANY

TO  
HER WHO INSPIRED WHAT  
OF POETRY THIS LITTLE  
BOOK MAY CONTAIN

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY

WYOMING  
21804  
VIA AIR

# CONTENTS

## PROLOGUE

TO A SUPPOSED CRITIC

## THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE

	PAGE
I. THE DESIRE . . . . .	1
II. THE RETURN . . . . .	2
III. WORLDLY SIGHT . . . . .	3
IV. ABLUTION . . . . .	4
V. LOVE'S REWARD . . . . .	5
VI. LOVE'S ASPIRATION . . . . .	6
VII. VISION RESTORED . . . . .	7
VIII. THOU AND I . . . . .	8
IX. THE GUARDIAN ANGEL . . . . .	9
X. LOVE'S CONTEMPLATION . . . . .	10
XI. THE SPARROW'S SONG . . . . .	11
XII. THE CARVED INITIALS . . . . .	12
XIII. LOVE'S MATURING . . . . .	13
XIV. THE WAGER . . . . .	14
XV. THE WISHED-FOR SONG . . . . .	15
XVI. LOVE'S CHARACTER . . . . .	16
XVII. LOVE'S AMBITION . . . . .	17
XVIII. IDEAL LOVE . . . . .	18
XIX. LOVE'S PREVIOUS STATE . . . . .	19
XX. THE DREAM . . . . .	20

## INTERLUDE

AS WAKENS ON THE MORN . . . . .	23
THE VOICELESS CRY . . . . .	24
BLOWING FROM OUT THE TWILIGHT SKY . . . . .	26
A SONG OF SWEETS . . . . .	27
I HAVE SEEN THE MAIDEN MORN . . . . .	28
WHERE VIOLETS ARE SPRINGING . . . . .	29

## SONNETS

	PAGE
O WORTHY TO BE SUNG . . . . .	33
WHEN HESPER BEAMS . . . . .	34
THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE . . . . .	35
LOVE'S STAR . . . . .	36
THE MEMORY . . . . .	37
LOVE'S IMMORTALITY . . . . .	38
THE VANITY OF SONG . . . . .	39
LOVE'S ANSWER . . . . .	40
LOVE'S INTOXICATION . . . . .	41
HER BEAUTY . . . . .	42
THE NOSEGAY . . . . .	43
LOVE'S WORSHIP . . . . .	44

## TWO ODES

ODE TO THE PASSING SUMMER . . . . .	47
PROGRESS . . . . .	49

## SONNETS ON VARIOUS THEMES

TO B. P. . . . .	53
TO BYRON . . . . .	54
SHELLEY . . . . .	57
KEATS . . . . .	58
ROBERT BROWNING . . . . .	59
PREEXISTENCE . . . . .	62
THE PASSING OF THE WINTER . . . . .	63
TO DEATH . . . . .	64
YOUTH AND SPRING . . . . .	65
SAINT HELENA . . . . .	66
THE PLAIN OF WATERLOO . . . . .	67
TO L. A. T. . . . .	68
TO BLISS PERRY . . . . .	69

## TRIOLETS

	PAGE
A TRIAD OF TRIOLETS . . . . .	73
IN A LITTLE GREEN BOAT . . . . .	76
THE REASON . . . . .	77
O LOVE, WERE I A SPRITE . . . . .	78
THE BARTER . . . . .	79
THE CHICK-A-DEE . . . . .	80
GOOD-MORROW . . . . .	81
GOOD-NIGHT . . . . .	82
TO A CHICK-A-DEE . . . . .	83
FIVE YEARS OLD . . . . .	84
THE GREETING . . . . .	85
<i>Ave Carnevale!</i> . . . . .	86
<i>Addio Al Carnevale</i> . . . . .	87

## RONDEAUX

MY SPIRIT SAITH . . . . .	91
MY BESTEST BOY . . . . .	92
O NEVERMORE . . . . .	93
COME, LOVE, COME . . . . .	94

## TRIFLES

BY NIGHT . . . . .	97
LINES . . . . .	98
NERO'S DYING WORDS . . . . .	99
A POET'S CONSTANCY . . . . .	100
THREE LIMERICKS . . . . .	101

## TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE

ASTERIE . . . . .	107
TO POSTUMUS . . . . .	109

**TRANSLATIONS FROM LORENZO DE'  
MEDICI**

	<b>PAGE</b>
<b>I. VANITY OF VANITIES . . . . .</b>	<b>113</b>
<b>II. HAIL VENUS . . . . .</b>	<b>114</b>
<b>III. FIRST SIGHT OF HIS LADY . . . . .</b>	<b>115</b>
<b>IV. BACCHUS AND ARIADNE . . . . .</b>	<b>116</b>

**CHORUS FROM POLIZIANO'S "ORFEO"**

<b>THE BACCHANALS . . . . .</b>	<b>121</b>
---------------------------------	------------

**EPILOGUE**

**LOVE**

## PROLOGUE



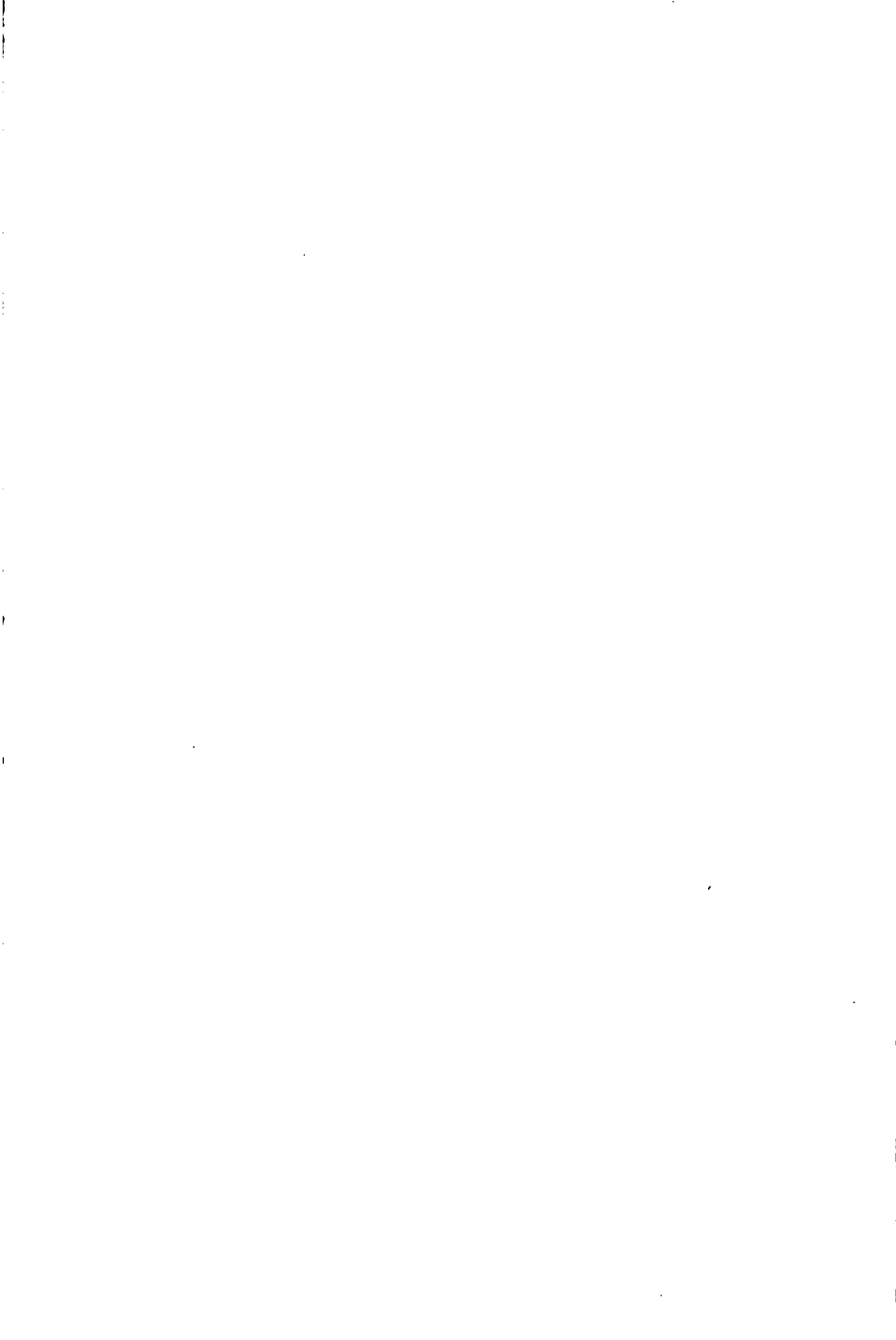


## TO A SUPPOSED CRITIC

Of what avail to waste thy days  
In all this idle tittle-tattle?  
Of woman's love to dote and prattle,  
And in thy rhyme to sing her praise  
And laud her in a thousand ways?

Attune thy song to nobler lays,  
And sterner, deeper music raise;  
With songs of love in life to battle,  
Of what avail?

I thank thee, friend, for thy essays  
To keep me from a danger fatal;  
But while his quiver Love doth rattle,  
Shoots his arrow, goads, and flays,  
Thine apologues and scornful gaze,  
Of what avail?



## THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE



# I

## THE DESIRE

**METHINKS** that Nature mourns to hear me sigh,  
For as the brooklet winds and trips along,  
Now languishing and now with current strong,  
It murmurs dolefully; in bosage nigh  
The souging wind a plaining melody  
Is breathing mid the boughs; the phœbe's  
song —  
Whose burthen tells the deep, the wasting  
wrong  
Of loneliness — arises to the sky.  
And I more deeply grieve and yearn for thee:  
To see thee smile; to hear thy mellow voice;  
To feel, ah me, thy lush lip pressed to mine;  
To live a moment in the ecstasy  
Of love's most fair delight, and so rejoice  
To quench, to lose my glowing soul in thine!

## II

### THE RETURN

As one grown languid with the garish day,  
Whose jaded spirit — cloyed with care's excess,  
With what of life doth human hearts oppress —  
Turns him at length from worldliness away,  
And kneeling at his temple shrine to pray,  
Eagerly tells his inmost thankfulness  
At finding peace that wounded bosoms bless,  
And tranquil joy, his sorrow to allay;  
So I, aweary of the world — of men  
And all their gods, of strife for vaunted  
Fame:  
Her tinselled crown, her fair elusive goal —  
Forsake all else, return to thee again;  
And in thy smile, thy voice, thy very name,  
I breathe afresh, O Priestess of my soul!

### III

#### WORLDLY SIGHT

RARELY an eye can gaze beyond its sphere;  
The maiden pure of heart can nothing see  
But fair and virtuous deeds; the votary  
Of luring wealth no image can uprear  
Than one of hoarded gold; the simple fear  
Of death has taught the anchorite to be  
An inmate of the shrine, nor fancies he  
That other gods than his to men appear.  
And they who hear the hymning of my lyre  
Attuned to sing of thee — thy perfect heart,  
Thy charm ineffable, thy spirit brave —  
Will think my love akin to their desire;  
Their sordid thought to songs of mine impart;  
Believe that since I love, I dream and  
rave!



## IV

### ABLUTION

YET must I shrive this craven soul of mine  
Of all its earthly lust,— the mad desire  
Which Nature as a deep volcanic fire  
Hath fused within my being, as in wine  
Is mingled with the juices of the vine  
The ferment's latent heat,— ere I attire  
Myself in fortitude and from the mire  
Of worldiness my spirit draw to thine.  
Then as the worshipper, with bosom free  
Of human taint, who kneels in tearful prayer  
And to his God doth immolate his whole,  
I, too, shall bow me down; and may it be  
That, when escaped from this unworthy lair,  
Thou deign accept my pure, my shriven  
soul!

V

LOVE'S REWARD

EVEN as others have, so have I sighed:

Sighed for the world's applause; for glory,  
fame;

For bay-leaved chaplets that surround the  
name

Of him whom Fortune fawns. And I have vied  
To gain her hollow smile, but she denied

To make me of her troop, for when her flame  
Was kindled in my breast, she quenched the  
same

And taught me all her purple pomp deride.

Yet have I known a glory sweeter far

Than aught of Fortune borne, for when I  
sung

Mine artless lay to thee, and saw thine eye  
Glow with a ravished warmth, as glows the star  
Of vespertide, I felt around me flung

The fairest wreath for which the heart may  
sigh.

## VI

### LOVE'S ASPIRATION

LET me but strive as they who contemplate  
A worthy-seeming end: but let my goal  
Be wrought of finer ware than gemmy bowl,  
Or leafy coronal, or kingly state;  
And may I feel a warm, an earnest hate  
Of what attaints the heart and moils the  
soul,  
And in my spirit hear the clarion roll  
That calls: "Strive on! afore the hour is  
late."  
For though the world may offer guerdons fair  
To them who covet wealth or who desire  
The plaudits of the throng, I cannot see,  
Amid her gaudiness, a gift so rare  
As doth await my soul when, mounting higher,  
'Tis crowned at last as worthy, Love, of  
thee.

## VII

### VISION RESTORED

I CAME, O lovely Virgin, to thy bower,  
What time the primrose and anemone  
Enfold their fragrant petals, and the bee  
Murm'rously wings it from the closing flower;  
The violet shadows of the evening lower,  
And from the brake beside the grassy lea  
The linnet in a clear, far-echoing key  
Sings with melodious note of twilight's hour.  
I came to thee, my Love, but nothing knew  
Of Nature's galaxy; for who can know,  
Laden at heart, the beauty of the Spring?  
Yet when thy gentle kiss, as evening dew,  
Freshened my thirsting lips, I saw the glow  
Of Hesperus and heard the linnet sing.

## VIII

### THOU AND I

ZEPHYROUS winds were breathing fitfully  
Amid the verdure of the leafy spring,  
And each soft, balmy gust appeared to bring  
A dryad's amorous sigh or lover's plea.  
Beside the cove and from a blighted tree  
Darted athwart the pool a fisher-king;  
And as the ripples broke beneath his wing,  
Forgetful of his cares, he sported free.  
There lying in a ferny nook,— my bed  
Of downy moss, my pillow thy fair breast,—  
I, too, rejoiced; my soul was in mine eye;  
And golden dreams my heart and fancy fed;  
And till the day had sunk beneath the west  
The world, the universe, was — thou and I.

## IX

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

Ah, well do I remember, when a child,  
— Ere sallow melancholy had besprent  
My tender years with sadness, or had blent  
Her dulling potion with the spirits wild  
That feed my breast — of moments oft beguiled  
With listening in large-eyed wonderment  
As elders whispered of an angel sent  
From heaven to keep my bosom undefiled.  
Years grew upon me; sceptic I became,  
And often scorned the pretty childhood tale  
Which once enchanted me; but when thy love  
Awakened in my heart a kindred flame  
And taught me, Sweet, thy god-like spirit hail,  
I knew thee as the guide they'd spoken of.

## X

### LOVE'S CONTEMPLATION

BELOVÉD, hast thou seen the trellised vine  
When Autumn's sun had kissed to mellowness  
The clustered fruit, and in their purple dress  
The grapes seemed bursting with a wealth of  
wine?  
Or seen at early morn the columbine  
Bowed with its nectar, which the wood-nymphs  
press  
To their fair lips as 'neath the leafiness  
Of oaken groves to their delights recline?  
Still hath my heart of love a deeper fount  
Than fruit of wine or bloom of honey-dew;  
And I have wondered oft how it could be  
That human clay such lofty heights could mount  
And love with such a love,— but, ah, 'tis true  
I then forgot my love was borne to thee.

## XI

### THE SPARROW'S SONG

Envious clouds were flitting in the sky  
As frowning on the simple joy that swayed  
Two kindred souls, but nathless in a glade,  
'Neath piney boughs, upon a hilltop high,  
We happy lay amid a luxury  
Of loving warmth; and soon the heavens  
made  
Accord with our delight, and overlaid  
Hommock and croft with sunset's crimson dye.  
Where alder-copse o'erhung the echoing dell,  
His roundelay the vesper-sparrow sang,  
Pouring his heart in frenzied melody;  
And when I asked: "Canst thou his meaning  
tell?"  
O Love, thy voice than his more sweetly rang:  
"He saith: 'I love my Love, my Love  
loves me.'"



## XII

### THE CARVED INITIALS

THRICE hath the musk-rose bloomed and past  
away,

And thrice the lark, with each return of  
Spring,

Hath filled the woodland with his carolling,  
Then fled the frost of Autumn sear and gray,  
Since I, my Mary, here did lonely stray,

And, as a lover will, thy praise did sing

In carved symbols of thy name, and fling  
Around this oak a charm against decay.

But now the bark hath overgrown the seam

Which youthful ardor made; and standing  
here

I gaze, and wonder if thy poet's rhyme  
Will save thy memory, and if the stream

Of all my love a monument can rear

To keep thy fame against the tooth of  
Time.

### XIII

#### LOVE'S MATURING

How like a lovely flower hast thou grown :

    The violet that opes its petalled blue

    As Dawn appears to kiss away the dew

Which Eve o'er vale and moor hath lightly  
    blown ;

The arbutus that, when the Winter's flown

    And smiling Spring is come, blooms into view

Mid greening nooks now fresh with grasses  
    new,

And weaves the earth a soft and fragrant zone ;

For soon as gentle Love had come to dwell

    Within thy breast, awakening with his lay

    A deep response, thy heart so pure, so  
    good,

With loving largess seemed to overwell,

    Making thy youth a fair and flowery May,

    And bringing forth thy rip'ning woman-  
    hood.

## XIV

### THE WAGER

ONE day, O happy day! my Love and I  
A wager made; and this how it befell:  
We sate enraptured in a fairy dell  
Until the twilight glimmered in the sky;  
At length I spake: "Alas, how moments fly,  
When in thy company! Guess thou, and tell  
The hour; and if, perchance, thou blunder —  
well,  
Each moment costs a kiss; dost thou deny?"  
She smiled assent; nor thought to ask of me  
My pledge, but said: "The hour of chimes;  
for list,  
I hear a murmur rising from the South."  
I showed the dial, laughed full boyishly,  
For I had won; and then four times I kissed  
Her blushing cheek, the fifth her rosy  
mouth.

## XV

### THE WISHED-FOR SONG

COULD I, O could I speak a golden tongue,  
A tongue more sweet than e'er the heav'nly  
choir

Of poets spake when love or keen desire  
From out their hearts a cadenced echo wrung,  
More sweet than that divine Apollo flung  
Upon the morn as, rousing with his fire  
The dark and sleeping world, he struck his  
lyre

And to the spheres a song of triumph sung;  
Then would I take a softly-lisping lute  
And wander out where all the summer long  
The Zephyrs frolicked over hill and lea;  
And as the evening fell, and all was mute  
In dale or glen, I'd breathe a perfect song;  
And, Love, that deathless song would sing  
of thee!

## XVI

### LOVE'S CHARACTER

ON many a scene the painter fondly dotes  
Of roses poppy-red and lilies white,  
Of glorious morns when beams of golden light  
Pour from the east on fields of mellow oats.  
Elated with the splendor which he notes,  
He turns him home, his fancy all bedight;  
And with warm tints of earths and ochres  
bright,  
The vision marks that still before him floats.  
But how record the glory I have seen  
Illume thy laughing eye, that mirrors clear  
A heart which flows with love at every beat?  
A single word is all that I can glean  
From out my store to paint thy nature, Dear,  
And that one word, O dare I tell, is —  
*sweet!*

## XVII

### LOVE'S AMBITION

Nor mine the lot to have a mountain-fay  
Grant me whate'er my eager heart desires,  
As was the fate of our fabled sires  
When Dian led the chase, and Ares' sway  
Was over martial strife; but if to-day  
I might command the quest my bosom fires,  
'Twould not be that for which the worldling  
    hires  
Or gives his life, his very soul away.  
Ah, no; 'twould not for earthly treasure be,  
Nor yet for what the rolling skies above  
Retain, 'tis said, within their heav'nly  
    clime;  
But I would ask that there be granted me  
A one, an only wish: to love thee, Love,  
With deep'ning love, through life, and  
    death, and time!

## XVIII

### IDEAL LOVE

NOR more, nor less than lovers do I ween  
That we should ever be; for how be more  
Or wish for less? Methinks that Love can  
soar

On happy wings and wear a jocund mien  
Where brooks arise and maple groves are green;  
But when confined within the hamlet-door,  
His pinions droop; his bosom, blithe before,  
Now pines for woodland air and wide demesne.  
And may our hearts be such that he can find  
Therein a place to dwell, whose springs are  
pure

And ever fresh, whose air is large and  
sweet;

Then will he flee and gladly leave behind  
The realm of meaner souls, and swear, I'm  
sure,

His fairest haunt is where our spirits meet.

## XIX

### LOVE'S PREVIOUS STATE

OFTEN I mused, when bowed in dreamy thought,  
Of where our souls abode ere human birth  
Entwined and bound them with the carnal  
girth

That binds the soul of man, yet never caught  
A full-assuring voice, a note which taught  
What we had been — if dwellers of the earth,  
Of valley, hill, of lake or marshy firth;  
If birds, or streams, or flowers crimson-  
wrought.

And still I think, whate'er our spirits felt,  
They knew a kindred love: of lark for lark,  
Of rose for drooping rose; or it may be  
Thou wert a brook and I the spring that dwelt  
Beside thy bank and, from a cranny dark,  
I gave my love, my being unto thee.



## XX

### THE DREAM

RECLINING yester-eve as Philomel

Warbled her vesper-hymn, I dreamed I lay  
Within a beechen grove all green and grey,  
Where laurel grew and bloomed the asphodel,  
The arbutus, and many an oaten-bell;  
And there the Muses, daughters of the May,  
Sate weaving coronals of fragrant bay,  
While from their lips harmonious converse fell.  
And one arose, of graceful mien, and fair,—  
More fair than I can ever tell thee of,—  
Who came and placed her garland on my  
brow;  
And gazing on her beauty, I was ware  
How all my senses swooned, for, O my Love,  
I dimly saw the lovely maid was thou.

## **INTERLUDE**



## AS WAKENS ON THE MORN

### SONG

#### I

As wakens on the morn the happy throng  
Of larks that bid the wood and field rejoice,  
So in my heart, like a remembered song,  
Rises and swells the music of thy voice.

#### II

As lingers on the eve the fragrant breath  
Of roses, borne from out the flowery South,  
So in my ravished soul that knows no death  
Linger the golden kisses of thy mouth.

## THE VOICELESS CRY

### I

ALAS, I sobbed, in vain I sighed,  
As wakeful on my couch I lay:  
O would my Love were by my side!

### II

Nor Memory, though oft she tried,  
Could soothe my hapless, aching heart:  
O would my Love were by my side!

### III

And though my roving thought soared wide,  
Its end within my breast it found:  
O would my Love were by my side!

### IV

My brain could harbor naught beside  
That all-consuming, raging flame:  
O would my Love were by my side!

### V

The stillness of the night replied  
And seemed to mock my painful cry:  
O would my Love were by my side!

## VI

At last sleep came ; the fever died ;  
And then I dreamed a dream of sighs :  
O would my Love were by my side !

# I HAVE SEEN THE MAIDEN MORN

## SONG

### I

I HAVE seen the maiden Morn  
Tint the ears of mellow corn,  
Turn to pearls the dewy drops  
Clinging to the clover-tops,  
Fling upon the meadow stream  
Ruddy rays that flash and gleam;  
Yet I swear such beauty's vile  
When I see my Mary smile.

### II

I have seen the Vesper Star  
Rising in the west afar,  
Glowing like a lonely gem  
In the Twilight's diadem,  
Shedding rays of amber light  
In the path of coming Night;  
Yet I swear such beauty's vile  
When I see my Mary smile.

## WHERE VIOLETS ARE SPRINGING

### SONG

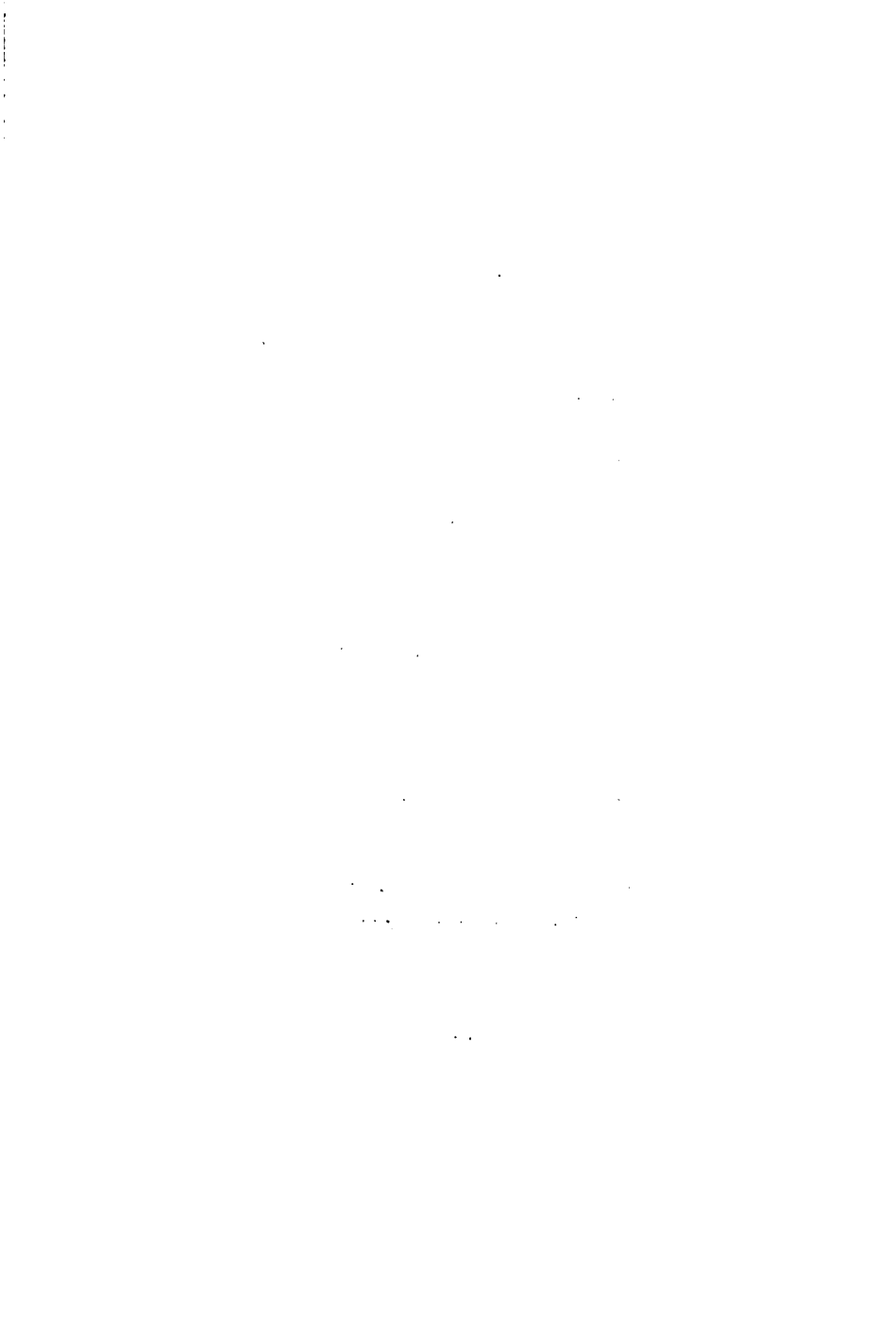
#### I

WHERE violets are springing  
And crystal waters flow;  
Where meadow-larks are singing  
And scented breezes blow;  
O there with thee to wander  
My only wish would be  
That I might grow the fonder  
Through Love's eternity;  
That I might grow the fonder  
Through Love's eternity.

#### II

Where autumn leaves are falling  
O'er asters pale and sear;  
Where late the blackbird's calling  
His last call of the year;  
O there, with thee beside me,  
My silence would be prayer  
That death might deeper hide me  
Within thy spirit rare;  
That death might deeper hide me  
Within thy spirit rare.





## SUNNETS



## O WORTHY TO BE SUNG

O WORTHY to be sung, as never I  
Nor other gifted with the golden speech  
Of poets sang; O Virgin, who can teach  
My heart a softer, deeper melody,  
Than flowers can, and hills, and starry sky,  
And mossy rocks, and storm-belabored  
beach; —  
I kneel to thee, all trembling, and beseech  
Thy gentle heart to hear thy lover's sigh.  
I know not what life is, and little care;  
For tossed and blown upon its murky brine  
I've sighed and longed to reach its haven  
— Death.  
And what but this could ever be my prayer —  
That thou shouldst press thy lovely lips to  
mine  
And with thy kisses steal away my breath?

## WHEN HESPER BEAMS

WHEN Hesper beams above the western lea,  
And softly tolls the distant village bell,  
And Echo wakens in each purple dell,  
And naught is heard save lulling melody;  
Then gladly doth the humble devotee  
Forsake his dull and solitary cell,  
Hears on the air serene the vesper swell,  
And in devotion sinks on pious knee.  
And I, dear Maid, as wanes the hoary year,  
And wails the wind among the frosty hills  
A melancholy song so dolefully,  
Turn from the lore of callous tomes and hear  
A voice more sweet than of the laughing rills,  
And ardent breathe my passion's prayer to  
thee.

## THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE

THERE is a something far more eloquent  
Than honeyed speech, than music more profound:

'Tis that which Nature speaks when all  
around,

Valleys and hills, the cloudless firmament,  
The grazing flocks at noon with wandering  
spent

That lying flank a cool and grassy mound,  
The meadows that with grasshoppers abound,  
The bees and birds in stilliness are blent.

'Twas thus I spake; and, Love, thy spirit heard,  
Thy spirit which my very silence hears,  
And trembled to receive my love's oblation.  
My tongue would voice my soul; 'twas vain; no  
word

Was on my lips, but from my heart sprang  
tears,

Ecstatic tears of silent adoration!

## LOVE'S STAR

O MY Beloved, since the livid stream  
Of our life is shallow, let us strive  
To rend each servile bond and worldly gyve  
That binds the soul and makes our being seem  
Yet viler than it is. The hopes that gleam  
A moment, pain and disillusion rive;  
And all things earthly it would seem connive  
At our thinking life a more than dream.  
So buffeted along this mazy sea,  
We cannot, as the mariner, adjust  
Our compass to a point that lies afar;  
But our haven, our goal must be  
A consolation for each stifled lust,  
And love, eternal love, our polar star.

## THE MEMORY

As little waves that hurrying to the shore  
Kiss th' expectant beach, then fall away,  
Gather again their foamy-capped array,  
And all exultant as they did before  
Over the sand their fresh caresses pour;  
And as they shake and toss their silvery  
spray  
Their beating wakes a soft and murm'rous  
lay  
Which sea-born shells will echo evermore.  
So played my lips with thine; and every kiss  
But made them for the next more warmly sue.  
And now as I delight to muse upon  
Those fleeted moments and their rapturous bliss,  
I find that they my bosom did imbue  
With what defies e'en death's oblivion.



## LOVE'S IMMORTALITY

REMORSELESS Time may waste and desolate  
Thy lovely form, but it can never fret  
The garland on thy brow which Love hath  
set

To mark thy name and prove thy honored state.  
Age steals upon us,—'tis the mortal's fate;

And ruthless usurer, he claims his debt:

Fair golden locks, and locks of brown or jet  
He turns to gray; blue eyes he turns to slate.  
Yet as the rose which, having bloomed and  
blown,

Though north winds bluster and the earth is  
bare,

Lives in the mem'ry all the winter long;  
So will the glory, Love, which thou hast known  
Of youth and love, of beauty, O how rare,  
Forever live within my wreath of song!

## THE VANITY OF SONG

How many times have I essayed to sing  
Of thee, sweet Girl, but all to what avail!  
For poesy, though passion-fraught, must fail,  
Whene'er it wakes to praise so rare a thing.  
How many times have I essayed to fling  
About thy heart mine own's delirious wail!  
Yet song could not but palliate the tale,  
And make of cries and moans a whispering.  
And still I feel my songs would not be vain,  
Although I know that I can never tell  
My love for thee, nor praise thee as is  
meet,  
If I could sometimes catch a single strain  
Of thoughts that make my trembling bosom  
swell,  
My teardrops flow, my burning temples  
beat!

## LOVE'S ANSWER

LAST eve I heard in twilight's solitude  
The nightingale awake his amorous lay,  
Then pause and all his lone complaining stay  
As if despair his bosom had imbued.  
But soon with treble soft his chant renewed:  
So sweet the tones that from a distant bay  
His Love, in cadences as sweet as they,  
Answered her mate's melodious interlude.  
And I remembered then the lonely note  
I once had blown, which seemed the very  
knell,  
The tocsin of the love I sought from thee;  
But when I blew again, thy mellow throat,  
Sweetly and soft as lute or silver bell,  
Echoed and wafted back the song to me.

## LOVE'S INTOXICATION

As in the morn the hectic Bacchanals,  
Returning from the grove where through the  
night

They made carouse beneath the torches' light,  
Approach with reeling gait the city walls,—

Young Dionysus followed by his thralls,

All maddened with the grape; each tipsy  
wight,

Trying to vent his wine-begot delight,

"Bacchus! Bacchus! Bacchus!" hoarsely  
bawls:

So I, last eve, reluctantly and slow

Turned from the chamber, there where thou  
and I

Revelled with Love until the belfry beat

The parting hour, and pensive did I go,

All drunken with thy beauty, but to cry

A thousand times: "My Mary! Love!  
My Sweet!"

## HER BEAUTY

BEAUTY like thine is Beauty's quintessence!  
Not Helen, whom the Trojan bought so dear,  
Such beauty knew, nor lovely Guinevere,  
Nor Egypt's queen, nor Dido, who laments  
In death her lover's flight. O no; the sense  
Was never quickened by a loveliness the peer  
Of thine, which, lovelier grown from year to  
year,  
Marks the full tide of Beauty's opulence.  
For thine is of the passion-laden heart,  
And finds a voice in every winsome grace  
Which loves about thy comely form to play.  
And though I grieve that with my groping art  
I never can thy god-like beauty trace,  
Still I rejoice to think my spirit may.

## THE NOSEGAY

WERE I to make a galaxy of sweets,  
Methinks my choice would be a crescent moon,  
New-born and silv'ry; an autumnal noon,  
When all is hushed save a lamb that bleats;  
The dying sound of some far bell that beats  
An Angelus; the songs that mothers croon  
To lullaby their babes; a rose in June;  
The throstle's note; the poesy of Keats.  
Then might I add a gurgling meadow-stream;  
The purple hills at eve; an April shower;  
Deep summer skies; the droning of the bee.  
And still 'twould make my lovely nosegay seem  
A thousand times more sweet, my Passion-  
flower,  
If with the other sweets I garnered thee!

## LOVE'S WORSHIP

A DARK, late autumn morn has left its bed ;  
Chill, and as one who mourns a secret pain  
'Tis overcast, and weeps abundant rain  
Fast as the tears we lavish on the dead.  
'Tis Sabbath, Love ; I hear th' occasional tread  
Of passersby abustling to the fane,  
Where one, methinks, will pray, and one com-  
plain ;  
One bow his heart, and one but bow his head.  
And musing on these men, their cults and creeds,  
I wonder if their temples can instil  
A thought that's worthy of a deity.  
But this I know, that they might lay their beads  
And psalters by, did ever once they thrill  
And tremble with the love I feel for thee !

## TWO ODES





## ODE TO THE PASSING SUMMER

### I

Go, Summer, go;  
But in thy passing, know  
There is a heart that grieves for thee,  
A tearful eye to mark thine age and death;  
Thy spirit, borne away on Autumn's breath,  
Stealeth my joy from me,  
My joy and gaiety;  
And though I would, my pipe can nothing blow  
Than mournful dirge or song of wasting woe.

### II

Thine were the swarming bee, the fledging bird,  
The mower's song, the winnowing hay,  
The heavens' deepest blue, the brooklet heard  
Trebling along its winding way;  
And thine the dewy break of day,  
The breathless noon, the far-heard vesper bell,  
The buxom rose, the flow'ring bay,  
The chirp of grasshoppers, the note of Philomel.

### III

Thine, too, the songs of love and love's delights:  
The yearning heart, th' insistent sigh,  
The passion taught to soar on noble heights,  
The mean desire left to die,

The plighted troth and sacred tie,  
The laughing mirth, the pure and simple bliss,  
The days that all too fleetly fly,  
The maiden's soft caress, the lover's good-night  
kiss.

IV

But all is changed; a dun and murky haze  
Darkens the evening sky; the brook  
Is silent now; and even the cheerful bays  
Are seen to wear a saddened look;  
The nightingale the grove forsook  
To seek a brighter clime; and all alone  
I'm left, my grievous loss to brook,  
To pine for love and thee, to breathe a plaintive  
moan.

V

Though thou art gone,  
My heart will dote upon  
Thy beauty long; and as the blast  
Of Autumn drives thy fallen leaves along,  
My pipe shall wail a melancholy song,  
And I shall weep for thee,  
To think that it should be  
That all thy glory, all thy lovely store,  
Should waste and pass away forevermore.

## PROGRESS

### I

O THOU of changing seasons born,  
Goddess whom the race of man  
Hath worshiped from its early morn  
In battle, song, and lofty plan;  
Reveal me where thy banners lead,  
And that on which thy fires feed.

### II

As childhood, with its simple heart,  
Runs to meet the heaven's verge,  
But finds the golden realm depart  
And farther the horizon surge;  
So men have vied to follow thee  
And thou their grasp didst ever flee.

### III

Yet thou hast framed the human mind  
And fashioned both its tongue and eye;  
For thee man left the cave behind  
And raised his anthem to the sky;  
Thou gavest him the wild desire  
Which taught him shape his bow and lyre!

### IV

But whether he is happier now  
For trusting thee, ah, who can tell?

To-day sees laurel on his brow ;  
To-morrow hears his requiem swell.  
Thou sowest pleasure in thy train,  
But with it, O what poignant pain!

V

Thy handmaid, Pleasure, taught us steal  
Delights from every smiling star ;  
Thine other, Sorrow, taught us feel  
How vain the sweets of Beauty are!  
The subtler doth the spirit grow,  
The keener is the heart to woe!

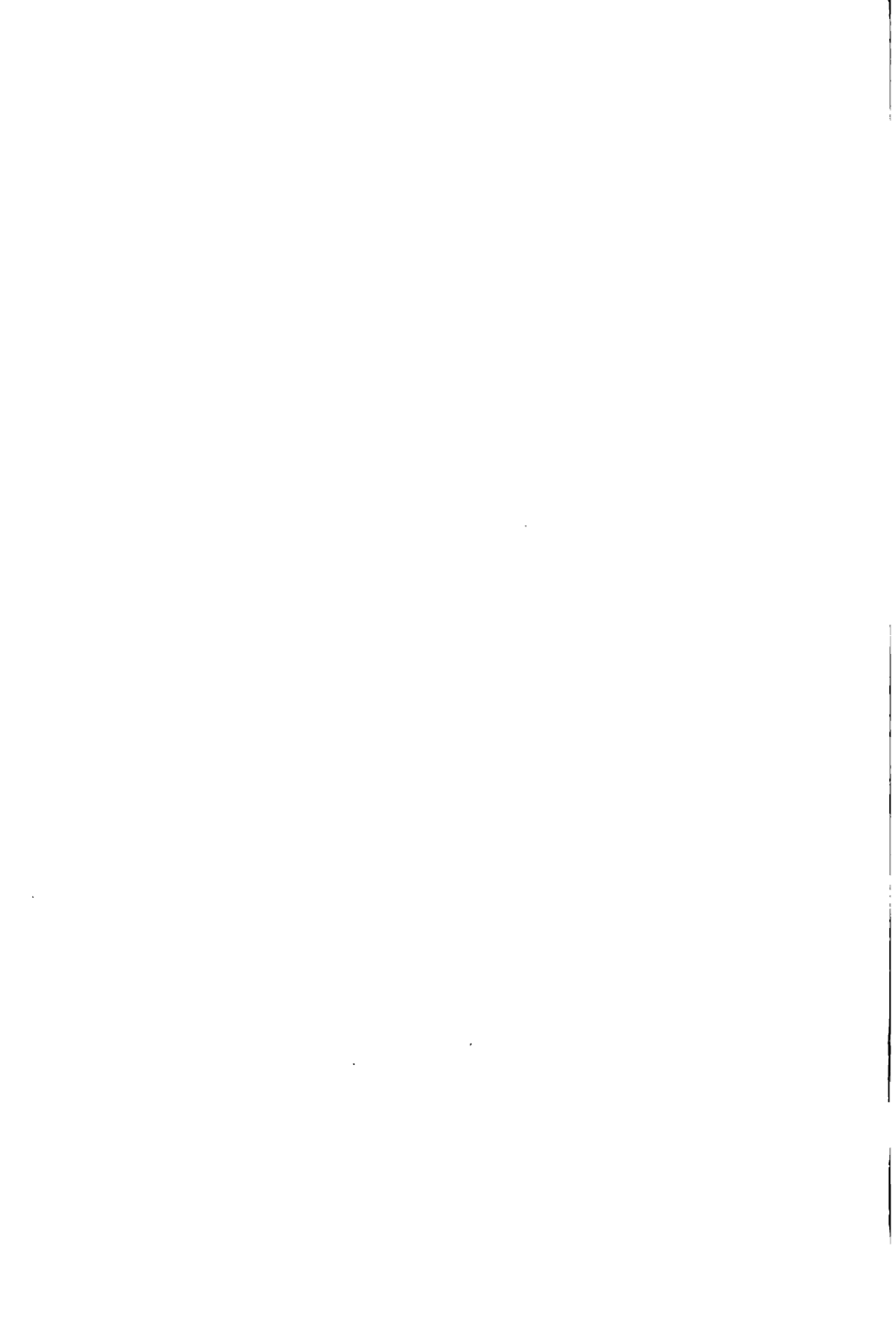
VI

Better, perchance, if never we  
Had known the dawning of the day ;  
And if a callous deity  
Had never breathed upon our clay ;  
Better have died within the womb  
Than lived to build ourselves a tomb!

VII

And yet, Unknowable, lead on!  
Perchance that with the fleeting years  
Thy tending Sorrow will have gone  
And drained the fount of human tears.  
And thou, perchance, in its rebirth  
Wilt show the soul a fairer earth.

**SONNETS ON VARIOUS THEMES**



TO B. P.

CARRIC, despair not yet; the feeble lays  
Of sighing youth, unskilled in lofty art,  
May rouse a nobler song; the lover's heart  
May catch the strain that sweet Catullus plays.  
Too true my faulty verse full oft betrays  
The stamp of bards who cry in every mart,  
But still methinks the Muse may yet impart  
To me the lore of minstrelsy. As days  
Flow into years, and years to decades grow,  
The selfsame tongue that harsh in childhood  
spake  
Doth now the maiden grace with mellow  
tone;  
So, too, discordant youth, though loath to  
know  
His ardor curbed, may grasp the lute and  
wake  
Some wild melodic chord, some dulcet moan.



## TO BYRON

### I

As when at eve the silent heaven burns  
With golden Hesperus, and ripened grain  
Stands reaped in mellow sheaves on ev'ry  
plain,  
With buoyant heart the reaper homeward turns,  
And with glad eye his distant cot discerns,  
Quickens his gait to some low-whistled strain,  
And happy greets the welcome hearth again  
That yields the peace his daily labor earns;  
So I, when heavy hours oppress my day  
And life appears devoid of aught but woes,  
With rapture hail the tranquil evening sky;  
Then from all care my spirit turns away,  
Lured by thy magic voice that ever knows  
To soothe my soul with mighty melody.

## II

I DREAMED I roamed among Ætolian hills,  
Mid vales but seldom trod by modern men,  
Sometime beneath cool cypress groves, and  
then  
Through laurel copse and nigh low-babbling  
rills.

And where a throbbing fount with crystal fills  
A brooklet's bed a minstrel sate; and when  
I nearer drew, he plucked his harp again  
And breathed a song which yet my bosom thrills.  
Of lordly mien the bard; his seer-like eye  
Waxed bright with every strain, and morn-  
ing's hue  
Swept lightly o'er his pallid cheek and wan;  
And as he waked the deep-toned harmony,  
His eye was fixed afar; perchance he knew  
He sang to distant men of "Don Juan."

### III

BYRON, of what avail my feeble lute  
To sing thy praise, and sing it worthily?  
But tuneless though my simple numbers be,  
My heart must sing; 'twould break to linger  
mute.

The hour is come when glory's ripened fruit,  
Mellowed with time, of blight and canker free,  
Is thine; and silent they who censured thee  
And vainly sought to shadow thy repute.

Lord of poets! None has ever sung  
So wild a note as thine, no human art  
More truly spake than thy o'erwhelming  
rhyme;

From out thy warring soul hath Feeling wrung  
Each swift and glowing chord, and from thy  
heart

Hath Passion cried to every age and clime!

## SHELLEY

As the wild bird of which thy Orphic lay  
Enraptured sings,— the sweet and heavenly  
lark

Who heralds dawn and, till the hour of dark,  
Woos with melodic trill the summer day,  
Poising upon a drooping oaten spray  
And spreading buoyant wing, doth then em-  
bark

On song and flight, while lofty heavens mark  
A purer note than ever woodlands may,—  
So thou dost sing, and spellbound do I hear  
The west wind breathe among the trembling  
strings

Of thy responsive lute, and feel thee rise  
From earth to cloud, from cloud to higher  
sphere,

Borne on the breath of thine ecstatic wings,  
Till thou art lost amid the deepest skies.

## KEATS

WHAT keen delight, within a sylvan glade  
    'Neath Summer's azure dome, through dreamy  
        hours

When croons the humble-bee, and tender  
        flowers

Droop their soft heads beneath the fresh'ning  
        shade

Of some o'erhanging leaf or rushy blade,  
    Each fragrant bloom athirst for cooling  
        showers —

To hear enchanted, until ev'ning lowers,  
Thy mellow song and golden numbers played!  
And wakened to the spirit of thy lute

That sings of lovers' woe, of Philomel,  
    Of autumn fruit, and of the Chian seer,  
Of music breathed upon the shepherd's flute,  
I feel, thus lost in song, I ne'er can tell  
    If nightingales' or else thy note I hear!

## ROBERT BROWNING

### A TRIAD OF SONNETS

#### I

BROWNING, thine is a note and song unique  
Whose rugged numbers seem as they were  
sung

By other heart than thine, another tongue  
Is ever heard thine accents boldly speak.  
Thou deem'st the lover's lute a thing too weak  
For thy prolific lay, and thou hast wrung  
Thy song from deeper tones, and found  
among

Thy fellows' hearts the trumpet thou didst seek.  
So, too, the gale adown from murky skies,  
Impetuous, dark, and silently doth come  
Until it meet with sea and wooded turf;  
Then with each blast a thousand notes arise,  
And loud the tempest, now no longer dumb,  
Speaks through the moaning pines and  
thund'ring surf!

## II

Roaming at eve among the mossy rocks  
Of rolling pasture-land, what time the shrill  
Of grasshoppers is done, and o'er the hill  
The evening star announceth to the flocks  
The hour of rest is nigh; while Echo mocks  
The plaintive note of some lone whip-poor-  
will —

I heard the home-returning shepherds fill  
Each vale with music blown from reedy stocks.  
And list'ning to the happy lads awake  
With their crude pipes a deep and tender  
song,  
Methought of thee, true poet and sublime,  
Who chos't of unmelodic tones to make,  
Since it must be, thy numbers clear and  
strong  
Than curb thy spirit 'neath insipid rhyme!

### III

WHOEVER seek in realms of poesy  
For aught beside soft words and pleasing  
    sound,  
With which the dilettante's songs abound,  
Will turn from empty verse and look to thee.  
Amid thy pages man will hear the free,  
    Deep voice of feeling, learn that he is  
        crowned  
But through eternal strife, that heaven's  
    found  
In Love the only path to Deity.  
Thus oftentime beside the grassy way  
    Where violets rear their heads, a lonely flower  
        Less gaudy than the rest is nigh ignored;  
And yet to that same bloom, throughout the day,  
    The bee will oft return, for 'neath the bower  
        Of petals pale is golden nectar stored.



## PREEXISTENCE

FULL oftentime in reading sweet romance,  
Romance imbued with hues of red and gold,  
That sings of ladies fair and warriors bold;  
Of joust and tournament; of love, perchance;  
Of laurel wreathed around the victor's lance —  
'Tis not the tale alone, though charming told  
And fashioned in the fancy's glowing mould  
And sung in flowing rhyme, mine ear enchants.  
A tuneful word, a soft, canorous phrase,  
Awakes a feeling vague of former life  
And plunges me in deepest reverie;  
Then o'er me steals the breath of ancient days:  
I hear the clash of arms, the din of strife,  
The sound of harps, the songs of minstrelsy!

## THE PASSING OF THE WINTER

WHAT means the thawing sod, the waxing sun,  
The eager freshet bursting from the hill,  
And from the oaken grove the squirrel's trill,  
Seeming to tell that frosty days are done?

Think they the time of Spring hath yet begun  
Because the wind that blew so biting chill  
Hath spent its fitful wrath and ceased to  
shrill?

Think they that Winter's race is fully run?  
He may, perchance, methinks, be potent yet;  
And may, ere breathes the Spring's tri-  
umphant note,

Blow yet a gale ere lapsing into death;  
As oft a man with glazéd eye and set,

When low the rattle gurgles in his throat,  
Rouses himself to gasp away his breath.

## SAINT HELENA

A THOUSAND leagues from continental shore,  
The eye that roves across the Atlantic main  
Discerns an island rock, round which in vain  
The tempests rage and tumbling billows roar.  
Its craggy cliffs and barren soil ignore  
The force of Time and Storm, as if the reign  
Of Earth immortal were; in plaintive strain  
The sea-birds wail as nigh the rock they soar.  
Here came the conquered chief when fortune's  
star  
That shone o'er Austerlitz and Jena's field,  
Had waned and sunk beneath dark Water-  
loo;  
What fate, he mused, did e'er *his* glory mar?  
Not man, he knew, had taught his spirit yield;  
They said 'twas God; alas, perchance 'twas  
true.

## THE PLAIN OF WATERLOO

O'ER Belgian plain the peasant guide still leads  
The curious traveller, and points the mound  
Where monument with chiselled art is found  
To mark where warriors died mid glorious deeds.  
Now ripening grain bedecks the flowing meads  
Where once the battle broke; the fertile  
ground

No trace of wasting war retains; no sound  
Is heard save a sighing wind amid the reeds.  
And yet for one in meditation bowed

Again the cannon groans; again is heard  
The hoarse, intrepid cry: "*La garde meurt  
Mais ne se rend jamais*"; and still more loud,  
Poured from a thousand throats, their dying  
word

Of soldier love: "*Vive l' Empereur!*"

TO L. A. T.

SEE how the peasant-lad with graceless hand  
    Patiently moulds the soft and plastic clay,  
    Dreaming of golden times yet far away  
When he the potter's craft will understand.  
And artless elders of the boy demand:

    " Why such design? " and then attempt to  
        stay

    The lad's perverted taste, and think his day  
Were better spent in ploughing meadow land.

So thou must not despair, but ever strive

    The cravéd skill to gain, for thus alone

    Can art be wooed, her gentle graces won ;  
Nor heed the murmur of the human hive

    That teems with those who ne'er have known

    That there is aught to till than vale and  
        dun.

## TO BLISS PERRY

GREAT-HEARTED friend, who from the busy hour  
Deignest to hear mine ill-attuned song;  
Thou critic keen; the *one* amidst a throng  
Who never dost to adulation cower,  
But boldly striking with undaunted power,  
Bestowest praise and blame where these be-  
long,  
Though ever prone to learn thy censure  
wrong,—  
Accept, I pray, my musing's humble flower.  
O friend, could there be many such as thee,  
The world would know a minstrelsy that  
thrills,  
Apollo's shrine a worthy sacrifice;  
And fewer pipes would vaunt of poesy,  
And deeper notes from meadows and the hills  
Would waken and be wafted to the skies!



## **TRIOLETS**





## A TRIAD OF TRIOLETS

### I

I CAN sing an only song;  
    Mary, 'tis in praise of thee!  
Be its burthen sweetly strong!  
I can sing an only song.  
Should I sing for ages long,  
    Yet my strain would ever be:  
I can sing an only song  
    Mary, 'tis in praise of thee!

## II

MARY looked so very sweet,  
    Robed in lily-white and pink,  
That my heart unduly beat:  
Mary looked so very sweet.  
For a maiden half as feat  
    Eremites would rave, I think;  
Mary looked so very sweet  
    Robed in lily-white and pink.

### III

MARY took my heart away,  
When we parted yester-eve;  
Triolet, I bid thee say:  
Mary took my heart away,  
Whyfore am I sad to-day?  
Whyfore weep I, whyfore grieve?  
Mary took my heart away  
When we parted yester-eve.

## IN A LITTLE GREEN BOAT

In a little green boat,  
Of a day in June,  
O ho, to float  
In a little green boat!  
And to hear Love's note  
Which thou wilt croon  
In a little green boat  
Of a day in June!

## THE REASON

You wonder why I'm merry?

I kissed a pretty girl.

Her mouth, it seemed a berry ;

You wonder why I'm merry?

Could she have been a fairy,

My head is in a whirl?

You wonder why I'm merry?

I kissed a pretty girl.

## O LOVE, WERE I A SPRITE

O Love, were I a sprite,  
    'Tis this that I would do:  
I'd fly to thee by night,  
O Love, were I a sprite,  
And on thy lips alight  
    And kiss the long night through:  
O Love, were I a sprite,  
    'Tis this that I would do.

## THE BARTER

A rose for a kiss  
    Wilt thou barter, Sweet?  
Fair exchange is this:  
A rose for a kiss.  
'Twere sad to miss  
    A chance so meet;  
A rose for a kiss  
    Wilt thou barter, Sweet?



## THE CHICK-A-DEE

SING, little fellow,  
Chick-a-dee-dee!  
Birches are yellow  
Sing, little fellow!  
Sing us thy mellow,  
Gay-hearted glee;  
Sing, little fellow,  
Chick-a-dee-dee!

## GOOD-MORROW

Good-morrow, Love, good-morrow!

Kisses do I bring!

Now your lips I'll borrow:

Good-morrow, Love, good-morrow!

Night's the time to sorrow,

Morn for me to sing:

Good-morrow, Love, good-morrow!

Kisses do I bring!

## GOOD-NIGHT

Good-night, Love, good-night!

    This the song I send thee.

Hear its numbers light:

Good-night, Love, good-night.

Till the east is bright,

    Slumber soft attend thee!

Good-night, Love, good-night:

    This the song I send thee.

## **TO A CHICK-A-DEE**

**(Which had lost its tail)**

**You'RE so very, very funny,  
Little Mister Bob!  
With a tail like that of Bunny,  
You're so very, very funny!  
But your heart is always sunny,  
And you're always on the job;  
You're so very, very funny,  
Little Mister Bob.**

## **FIVE YEARS OLD**

**SWEET** five years old,  
    **Would I** were five!  
**Little** heart of gold ;  
**Sweet** five years old.  
**Mine's** worn and cold,  
    **With** five times five;  
**Sweet** five years old,  
    **Would I** were five !

## THE GREETING

With a hug and a kiss  
And a tra-la-la!  
I'll greet thee, Miss,  
With a hug and a kiss.  
How different 'tis  
To leave thee, ah!  
With a hug and a kiss,  
And a tra-la-la.

## ***AVE CARNEVALE!***

THE carnival's come,  
O my sweet Mary!  
Let us strike up and drum:  
"The carnival's come!"  
Who could ever be glum  
With you, my fairy?  
The carnival's come,  
O my sweet Mary!

## ***ADDIO AL CARNEVALE***

### **I**

**THE** carnival's done,  
    **O** my sweet Girlie!  
**How** fast weeks run!  
**The** carnival's done.  
**And** how hard after fun  
    **Not** to feel too surly;  
**The** carnival's done,  
    **O** my sweet Girlie!



## II

THE carnival's over,  
O Mary dear!  
Time's such a rover;  
The carnival's over.  
But it had its clover,  
Now for ivy seer;  
The carnival's over,  
O Mary dear!

## **RONDEAUX**



## MY SPIRIT SAITH

My spirit saith: " Ah, could I be  
Of flesh and earth and senses free,  
To starry heights I then could soar,  
Forget the world forevermore,  
And know myself a deity.

" The heavenly spheres would sing to me  
Their deep and awful melody;  
All meaner sounds would I ignore,"  
My spirit saith.

" But vain the wish! My bended knee  
Must yet endure its slavery;  
And though my hand is bruised and sore  
With knocking at my prison door,  
The senses will not yield the key,"  
My spirit saith.

## MY BESTEST BOY

"My bestest boy!" O silvery tongue,  
Nor glen nor grove has ever rung  
At even with so sweet a note  
From Philomela's golden throat,  
Nor woodlands where the thrushes sung.

For, O this bosom wild and young,  
The wildest, wild, wild hearts among,  
Is ravished when it hears thee quote:  
"My bestest boy."

But when life's pendulum has swung  
Till age's bead of years is strung,  
Till round my brow and temples float  
Grey locks,—how often, Love, I dote,  
If in thy heart will still have clung:  
"My bestest boy!"

## O NEVERMORE

O NEVERMORE can summer skies  
Restore the rose that wilted lies,  
    The blushes of the rip'ning fruit,  
    The pipings of the river-coot,  
The drone of bees, the butterflies!

And where the yellowing aspen sighs,  
His oft-repeated melodies  
    The linnet will return to flute,  
    O nevermore!

But Love, whose ardor never dies,  
Will tune and pluck his silver lute;  
    Yet in the aging heart and mute,  
Whence yearning moans no longer rise,  
His song will waken ecstasies,  
    O nevermore!

## COME, LOVE, COME

Come, Love, come! A breath of Spring  
Is in the air! A bluebird's wing  
Flashes across the sky; the rose  
Is budding; fast the brooklet flows;  
Voluptuous doves are coo-coo-ing.

The branches of the orchard swing  
A lonely robin who doth fling  
His note to every wind that blows:  
"Come, Love, come!"

O Springtime, hasten thou and bring  
My rosy-lipped and blue-eyed thing!  
Tell her what perchance she knows,  
That as the lovely season grows,  
With madder strain my spirits sing:  
"Come, Love, come!"

## TRIFLES





## BY NIGHT

THE happy moon smiled down and said:  
"Why sad?" But, ah, could she have read  
    The yearning of my breast,—  
    The love and deep unrest,  
The oft repeated sigh for thee,  
The prayer, the moan, the cry for thee;  
    No smile had been her lip to grace,  
    She would have worn a sadder face.

## LINES

'Tis sunset's hour; the splendor of departing  
day

The world enfolds; beneath the archéd way  
The placid river Charles in silence flows;  
With gold and red its tranquil surface glows.  
Far to the east a massive purple cloud  
Sails the heavens' blue; though lone, yet proud  
To be monarch of illimitable skies;  
And there beneath its passing shadow lies  
The great metropolis; a human hive  
Where men to serve their gods in conflict strive.

## NERO'S DYING WORDS

WHEN wicked Nero saw that he  
Could not from his pursuers flee,  
He bade his servant hold his sword  
For him to run upon, then turned him toward  
His former realm, and sobbed, "O Rome, I sigh  
That thou shouldst lose so great a bard as I."

681637

## A POET'S CONSTANCY

### SONG

#### I

YE ask if I be constant,  
Constant in my love;  
Alas! alas! Ye sceptics,  
What are ye dreaming of?

#### II

'Tis this mine only answer:  
"Nor men, nor gods above,  
Have ever been as I have  
So *constantly* in love."

#### III

To-day I love my Lucy,  
And yesterday 'twas Nan.  
To-morrow 'twill be Julia,  
Or Ruth, or Mary-Ann!

## THREE LIMERICKS

### I

THERE was a young man of Ark  
Who said: " I'm still in the dark ;  
But if ever I marry,  
'Twill be with a fairy,  
A seraph, or Else-a-Clark ! "

## II

**THERE** was a fellow of Sorrill,  
Who thought of women and war ill;  
    " If ever I wed,  
    I hope," he said,  
" To dwell by Abbey-Morrill ! "

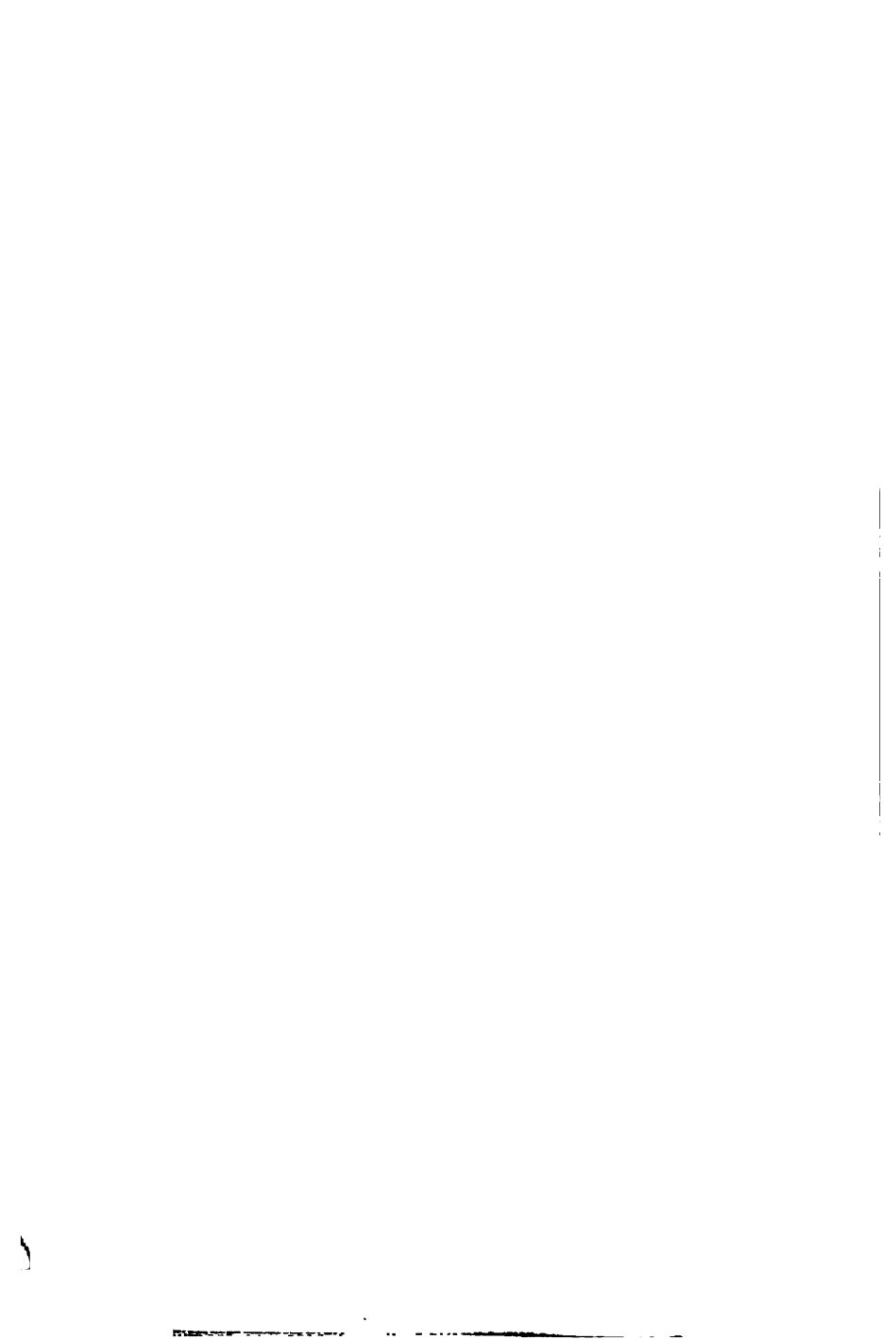
### III

**THERE** was a poet of Bonnor,  
Who swore; "Upon my honor!  
I never would mate  
With any fate,  
But, O, I'd Mary O'Connor!"





**TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE**



## ASTERIE

(Ode VII, Book III)

### I

WHY weepest thou for Gyges, Asterie,  
The youth of steadfast faith, whom back to thee  
The Zephyrs fair in early Spring,  
Enriched with Orient wealth, will bring.

### II

Impelled to Oricum by southern wind  
When the raving Goat had left the East behind,  
Now cold he lies, mid floods of tears,  
Through sleepless nights of anxious fears.

### III

His yearning hostess' agent now essays  
With craft to tempt him in a thousand ways,  
And says that Chloe sighs, that she  
Burns with the flame that wasteth thee.

### IV

And shows how once a faithless woman prest  
The weakling Proetus, through her charges  
drest  
With falsehood's guise, to hasten on  
The death of chaste Bellerophon.

V

Then tells of temperate Peleus' jeopardy  
Who fled Magnesia's fair Hippolyte;  
And falsely to excuse the sin,  
Shows where in story such has been.

VI

In vain; thy constant lover turns away  
More deaf than rocks within Icarian bay.  
Of thine own neighbor's charms beware!  
Enipeus may prove too fair;

VII

For none of equal skill to wheel the steed  
Doth e'er appear upon the Martian mead,  
Nor one with equal speed to glide  
In swimming down the Tuscan tide.

VIII

At twilight's hour secure thy house; nor heed  
From streets below the sound of doleful reed;  
Though he of cruelty complain,  
Do thou inflexible remain.

## TO POSTUMUS

(Ode XIV, Book II)

### I

O Postumus, my Postumus, alas,  
No piety, mid years that fleeting pass,  
Can wrinkles and old age delay,  
And death with its o'erwhelming sway.

### II

Nor Pluto, hard of heart, can you allay  
By sacrificing bulls each passing day,  
Who vilest Geryon doth enslave  
With Tityus by the doleful wave;

### III

The doleful wave which we must journey o'er,  
We who consume the earth's abundant store;  
Nor boots it whether kings we be  
Or men who know but poverty.

### IV

In vain from cruel war shall we emerge  
And from the wailing Adriatic surge;  
Through Autumn shall we fear in vain  
The south wind, breathing woeful bane.

V

Cocytus, flowing sluggishly and dark,  
 And Danaid's odious children must we mark;  
 And Sisyphus must we behold  
 Doomed to toil for years untold.

VI

You must forsake your pleasing wife, your  
 land  
 And home; of trees now nurtured by your  
 hand  
 Not one will follow you, their lord,  
 Except the cypresses abhorred.

VII

And then an heir more worthy will consume  
 Your Cæcuban, now sealed as in a tomb,  
 With nobler wine the pavement stain  
 Than one at pontiff feast may drain.

**TRANSLATIONS FROM LORENZO  
DE' MEDICI**





# I

## VANITY OF VANITIES

How all our hopes are futile and in vain,  
How fail the plans of which we idly dream,  
And how the world in ignorance doth teem,  
'Tis Death, the king of all, that maketh plain.  
One lives in song and in the joust's domain;  
Another doth his life for virtue deem;  
One scorns the world and things that worldly  
seem;  
Another hides what in his heart has lain.  
Vain cares and futile thoughts, the diverse fates  
That Nature in a varied aspect gives,  
Are seen forever on the changing earth.  
For all is fleeting here, a moment lives;  
How fickle Fortune is, how void of worth!  
Alone doth Death abide; he ever waits.

## II

### HAIL VENUS

**FORSAKE** thine isle, thine isle of pleasure rare ;  
Thy realm forsake all beautiful and still,  
Cyprian goddess ; come beside the rill  
That bathes the green and tender grasses there ;  
Come to the shady nook and cooling air  
That doth a murm'ring in the brook instil,  
To music of the bird's enamored thrill.  
O make thine own abode this region fair !  
And if thou com'st amid these waters clear,  
Take thou thy cherished son for company,  
For here his might is never reckoned of ;  
Bring thou the virgin nymphs of Dian here,  
Who wander now from every danger free,  
And little heed the potency of love.

### III

#### FIRST SIGHT OF HIS LADY

OF I recall, for ne'er the time can be  
When from my memory will glide away  
Remembrance of her gown, the hour, and day  
When first I gazed upon her fixedly.  
And, Love, what then she seemed is known to  
thee,  
Who in her company didst ever stay;  
How beautiful she was, how sweet and gay,  
I cannot tell, nor think sufficiently.  
When o'er the high and snowy-crested peak  
Apollo spreads his glorious golden beam,  
So fell about her gown each silky braid.  
Of neither time nor place I care to speak;  
'Tis ever day where such a sun doth gleam,  
And paradise where dwells so fair a maid.

## IV

### BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

#### I

YOUTH is so delightful, O,  
Though forever on the wing!  
Who wants pleasure, let him take it!  
Of the morrow naught we know.

#### II

Bacchus comes with Ariadne;  
Lovely both, and in Love's tether;  
Since time flies and mocks us sadly,  
They forever cling together.  
And these nymphs in every weather  
Merry make: they'll ne'er forsake it.  
Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
Of the morrow naught we know!

#### III

Here the little satyrs come;  
Smitten are they with the nymphs.  
In the woods and caverns dumb  
They have watched to catch a glimpse.  
Drunken now, the little imps  
Dance and leap: they'll ne'er forsake it.  
Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
Of the morrow naught we know.

#### IV

But the nymphs are rather wary,  
 Lest the satyrs prove deceiving;  
 Yet, since none to Love are chary  
 Save the ugly and the thieving,  
 All together interweaving,  
 They carouse: they'll ne'er forsake it.  
 Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
 Of the morrow naught we know.

#### V

Then this load that's coming after  
 Is Silenus on an ass;  
 Old and drunk and brimming laughter,  
 Plump with flesh and years, alas;  
 Though he cannot stand, he'll pass,  
 For he's merry,—won't forsake it:  
 Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
 Of the morrow naught we know.

#### VI

Then steps Midas into measure;  
 What he touches turns to gold.  
 But what boots the having treasure  
 If it leaves the bosom cold?  
 What delight can people hold  
 Who've such thirst and ne'er forsake it?  
 Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
 Of the morrow naught we know.

## VII

All ye, open wide your ears:  
Do not heed to-morrow's call!  
Let the youth and those of years,—  
Women, men,—be happy all!  
Each sad feeling, let it fall!  
Let's make merry, ne'er forsake it!  
Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
Of the morrow naught we know.

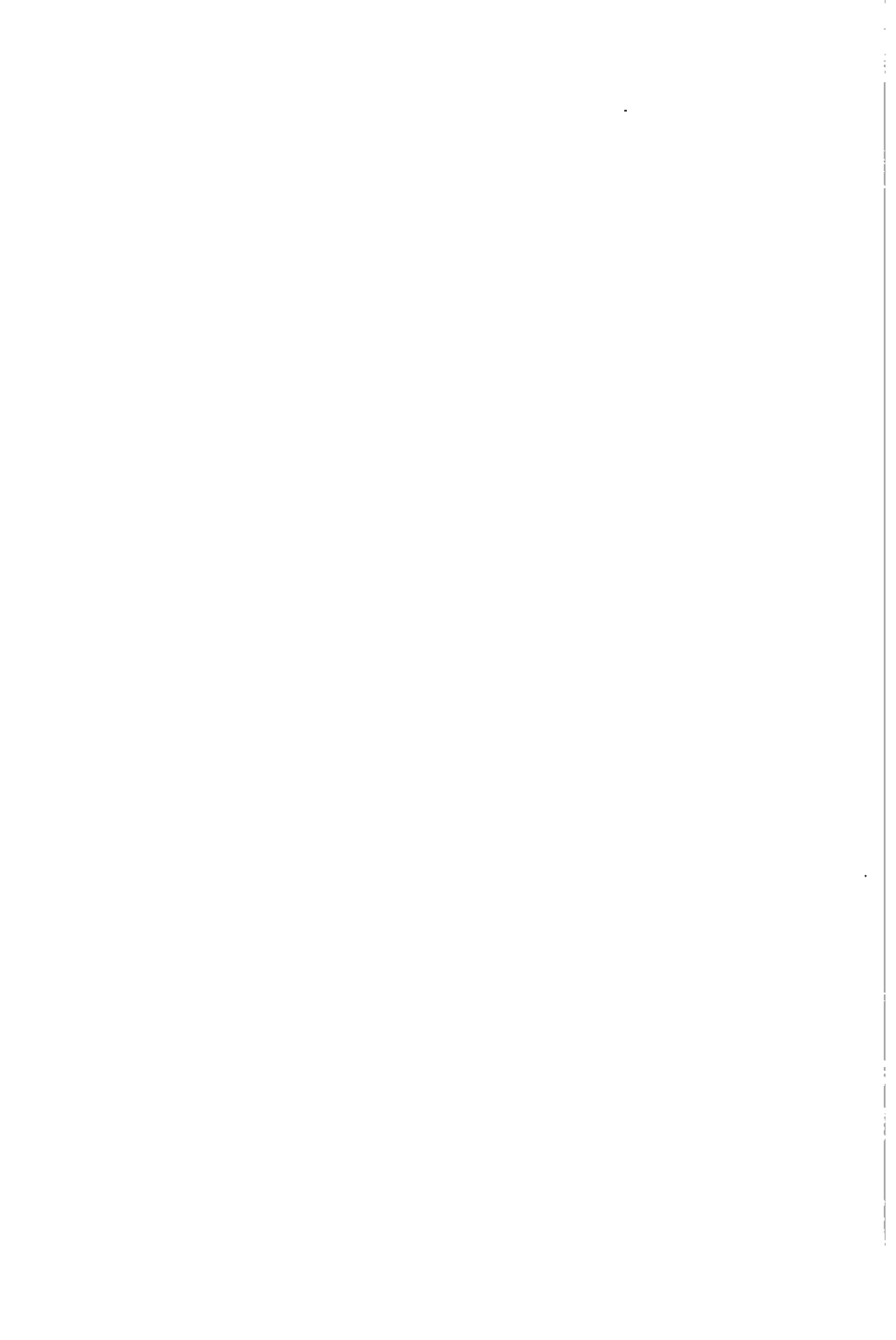
## VIII

Maids and all ye lovers gay,  
Long live Bacchus, long live Love!  
Play ye, sing, and dance away!  
Let the heart with ardor burn!  
Toil and grief forever spurn!  
What must be, why, let's forsake it!  
Who wants pleasure, let him take it;  
Of the morrow naught we know.

Youth is so delightful, O,  
Though forever on the wing!

**CHORUS FROM POLIZIANO'S  
"ORFEO"**





## THE BACCHANALS

### I

BACCHUS, let each follow thee!  
Bacchus, Bacchus, heyo! heigho!  
Who would tipple, who would drink,  
Come and tipple, come up, do!  
Let it as in funnels sink!  
I will come and tipple too.  
Here is wine enough for you;  
First, though, give a drink to me!

### II

Bacchus, let each follow thee!  
I've already drained my cup.  
Give that flagon here a bit!  
O this mountain's rolling up,  
And I seem to lose my wit!  
Here and there the others flit;  
That's the way, too, they see me!

### III

Bacchus, let each follow thee!  
I'm already dead with sleep.  
Am I drunken, yes or no?  
Standing, I can't longer keep.  
You are drunken, too, I know.  
Each one do as I do, so:  
Each one suck it down like me!

#### IV

**Bacchus, let each follow thee!**

**Each one cry out, "Bacchus, Bacchus!"**

**Each one pouring down the brew!**

**Then we'll sing until it rack us.**

**Tipple, you, and you, and you!**

**With the dancing I am through.**

**Each one cry out, "Heyo, heigho!"**

**Bacchus, let each follow you.**

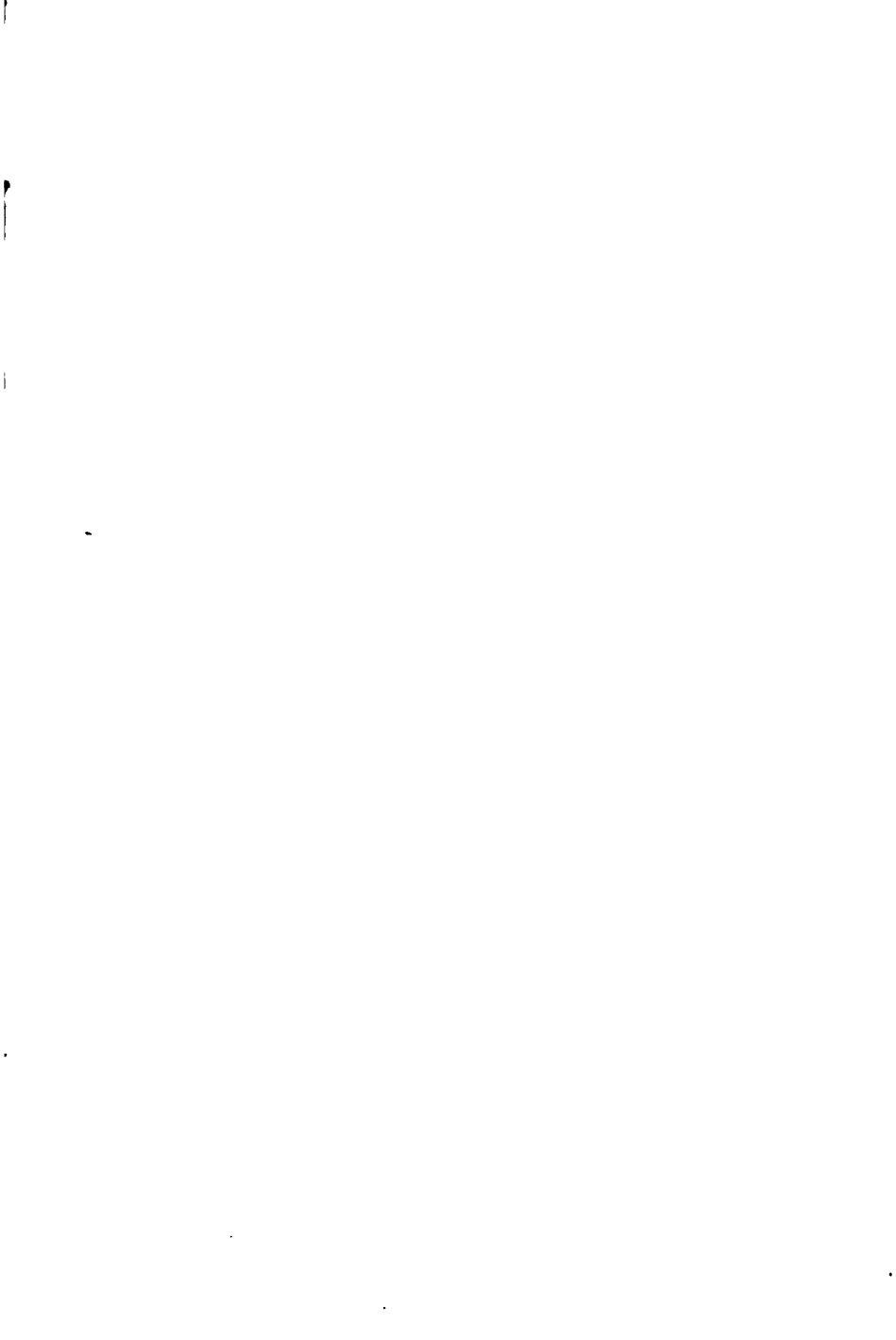
**Bacchus, Bacchus, heyo, heigho!**

## **EPILOGUE**



## LOVE

LET barren hearts and hoary age deride,  
And scornful mock thee as the toy of youth.  
What else expect of wilted souls? Forsooth,  
They knew thee not; and when the passion died  
Within their bosoms vile, they loudly cried:  
“ 'Tis not in Love that we may hope for truth,  
His altars teem with sacrifice uncouth.”  
Alas, to think that Lust is Love beside!  
O Love, in all this world, this darkling maze,  
Where men from god to god confuséd turn,  
’Tis thou alone a ray of hope dost give;  
And so my tongue will sing in grateful praise;  
Within thy shrine my incense constant burn;  
And with my dying breath I’ll bid thee live!











**REFERENCE DEPARTMENT**

**taken from the Building**

[illegible]

g.p.

